

The Revolution.

Devoted to the Interest of Woman and Home Culture.

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Editorial Notes.

We want a file of the *Revolution* for 1871, for which we will give the paper for 1872.

Every *Saturday* has come to our table in an attractive and really elegant form, and is what it purports to be, a journal of choice reading. It keeps the promise of its first number; it will be always welcome and everywhere popular.

SOME of our best friends complain that they received the \$2 blanks too late to fill out properly and return before January 1st—in fact, that they did not get them till after that date. As we wish to be perfectly fair to every one, we shall accept \$2 from every subscriber who remits it this month in payment for one year's subscription to the *Revolution*.

We received a pleasant call the other day from James W. Stillman, of Providence, who made the first speech in favor of Woman Suffrage ever delivered before the Rhode Island Legislature. And this was February 25, 1869. He is not a very young man, and we trust will live to see his motion adopted, not only by Rhode Island, but by the people of America.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, whose sparkling and charming letters are the delight of the readers of the *Tribune*, is passing the holidays in New York. Mrs. Bullard, the former editor of this paper, gave her friend a select party on Friday evening at her elegant mansion. The company consisted of authors, writers and artists, and was a very brilliant and delightful affair.

THE family is the germ of the three great institutions of civilization—the School, the State, the Church. From this foundation spring these three pillars of society, massive and beautiful. Let either or all of them be prostrated, and they can be reared again, and the social fabric reconstructed, but if that foundation be undermined, society topples down into ruin irretrievable, and dissolves into chaos.

MISS ADDIE L. BALLOU has visited Cardington, Ohio, and delighted the people with a discourse on Human Responsibility and Immortality. She was introduced by Rev. C. Baldwin, a Methodist clergyman; and the *Republican* closes its praiseful notice by expressing the hope that the "beautiful hall may again be greeted by the presence, and its platform be pressed by the feet, of one 'that brings good news, glad tidings of great joy to the people.'"

A WOMAN living on the south shore of Lake Erie, engaged in grape-raising, in partnership with a man on "the labor-for-labor principle, with the understanding that either party can dissolve the partnership at will," cannot afford

to take the *Revolution* the coming year. Which does not surprise us in the least. We should not suppose she would care for a journal that maintains the sanctity of marriage, nor for a Bible with the family register between the Testaments.

MISS MARY E. STRICKLAND, of Vineland, gave her lecture on What Women Can Do, at Unity Chapel in this city, recently, and with admirable effect. The matter was excellent, and the delivery was pleasing and very impressive. The lecture is compact with common sense, enlivened with sallies of wit and telling illustrations. It is a woman's plea for the practical education of her sex. Miss Strickland's great idea is to make woman self-supporting, and then she will do and be all that her best friends desire. She attacks the oak-and-vine theory with great force, and leaves very little of the vine. We hope she will have all the invitations to repeat this lecture that she can fill.

THE Catholic Church, with a wonderful adaptability, gave her children the Mother of Jesus to worship. Without intending it she has given us a feeble apotheosis of woman. Art is deeply indebted to Rome for this beneficent gift to her children. The inspired genius of Raphael doted fondly on the queen of heaven—"Mary our Mother." That church could not have asked even a pretence of celibacy from her priests without giving Mary to them to worship. With loving eyes they could inflame their hearts in kneeling at her shrines, before her images and pictures; they could write impassioned prayers, offer the sweetest flowers and costliest drapery to the ideal woman, pure, without a spot or blemish—"The Queen" the "Rose of Heaven."

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, the popular preacher of Boston, does not believe in the assertion that the chivalrous feeling towards woman will cease the moment she takes her rightful position in the world, unless she ceases to be womanly. History shows that chivalry increases in proportion as the station of woman is elevated. The error lies in confounding two totally different civilizations. Modern civilization is based on the equality of the sexes; woman's intellect is acknowledged. She has more than refuted the assertions of her enemies, and stands to-day the most potent influence in Christendom. Put no stop to that progress; let the central idea work out its own effect. Consider what she has been socially and then predict what she can do in political life. This objection has been plucked as a dead branch from an effete civilization and grafted into a branch of the world's best planting.

THE meeting of the National Suffrage Committee will be held in Washington this week.

It will be an important convention in many respects, and every preparation has been made to render it successful and impressive. Its special object is to induce Congress to pass a Declaratory Act, so that women—who are already citizens and voters under the 14th and 15th Amendments—shall be able to vote in every State of the Union at the coming Presidential election. We have no idea that they will prevail upon Congress to make the desired declaration. But the meeting may, and we trust will, render a vast service to the general cause by attracting attention to the subject and presenting considerations of the utmost importance. We hope the character of the convention and all its speeches and acts will tend directly to the advancement of the great movement in whose interest it is held. If the desired end cannot be attained in one way it is well to know it, that all our forces may be concentrated upon measures that are practicable.

JUDGE SHARSWOOD of Philadelphia decided the case of Miss Burnham, who brought an action against the election officers for refusing her vote at the recent election, against the plaintiff, on the ground that she is not a free-man in the sense in which that term is used in the Constitution. Judge Sharswood says: "It is beyond all question the provisions of the ninth article of the Constitution, commonly called the Declaration of Rights, extend to and include both sexes, and that when the words 'man' or 'men' are therein used they comprehend also women. It is equally clear that a woman who is born in this country, or naturalized, as she may be, under the acts of Congress, is a citizen as fully entitled to the protection of the Government as a man, and with a right fully to enjoy all the privileges which properly belong to citizens. But it does not follow that the elective franchise is one of their privileges. That is exclusively regulated by the Constitution, which has excluded many citizens from it by reason of age, non-payment of taxes, non-residence within the Commonwealth and the election district for a certain period of time. Nor can I perceive that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States have any bearing or application upon the question." If woman suffrage is not in the Constitution it must be put there in such plain, unequivocal terms that not even a Philadelphia lawyer can evade them, nor a Pennsylvania judge help finding both their meaning and intent. Probably if the people demanded woman suffrage there would be no difficulty in discovering constitutional warrant for it. The difficulty is in creating the public sentiment that will demand the enfranchisement of women. And it is just this work that the friends of our cause have to do. It is not sails that are wanting, but the breeze to fill them.

Contributions.

At Home.

We have churches, schools, lyceums, public libraries, and a thousand other appliances for nurture and instruction, but they are all mechanical when compared with the mission of home. Home is an organism. It takes root and grows like a tree, and there are warm emanations from it that make the surrounding spaces glad. Plant a dozen good houses in the wilderness and it becomes a centre of civilization. Everything can be made from the elements those homes supply. God has set the solitary in families, and no contrivance made by the wit of man has ever equalled the ameliorating effect of this simple arrangement. A Quaker preacher from England once travelled over this country, speaking to his brethren in various places, and his one word was, "make your wants few." Some such apostle is needed now to bid our people create better homes or build larger jails. Every good home helps depopulate the prisons and make a police unnecessary.

It is a mistake to suppose that women are the only home-makers. Women alone can create something which will fill the place of home far better than anything man can contrive under similar circumstances. They nestle into lonely places and produce comfort, order, and even beauty, where men would sit down helpless and content in the midst of chaos. The maiden woman's cottage is often a marvel of neatness, taste, and refinement; a little prim, to be sure, needing the confusion wrought by rollicking children to give it the touch of nature; but it is a picture of paradise in comparison with a bachelor's hall, which, at the best, is a cross between an office, a variety shop, and a sepulchre. Neatness is more deeply ingrained in woman's nature than in man's. Eve invented the broom and the mop and brought them out of Eden with her. A man alone would allow the litter to accumulate until it became too thick for him to endure, and then migrate to a cleaner place. But woman permits no such invasion of her realm, even though her only defence is a bunch of twigs.

But neatness and order, which enter a household with the whisk of a woman's skirt, as bees come with clover, make merely the shell of home, and often but a cold and dreary shell at that. The soul of home is alone supplied by man and woman working together, with tastes and sympathies and ideas all harmonized and attuned by love and reason. One reason why homes are so often unsatisfactory is because the man side of the structure is not supplied. No woman can succeed in home-making, the finest of the fine arts, when she works at odds with a man who uses his home for the exhibition of traits he cannot safely show in other places. There are men so coarse in grain, so rough and discourteous in constitution, whatever their appearance may be, that they are decent only when under restraint, and forget their manners and the better

part of their manhood the moment they shut the world outside their own front-door. They look on home as the one place in the world where they can throw off the mask they are bound to wear elsewhere, and vent the spleen and ill-temper and pettiness they would be ashamed to have the public see. They quit the drill and dress parade of life, and retire into their barrack to inflict on its inmates all the pent-up irritation and ill-humor and vulgarity of their half-civilized and half-trained souls; and there they unbend and act out the lower and meaner elements of their nature, furnishing a confirmation of the truth of Darwin's theory by behaving strangely like a dog or wolf or porcupine.

Many a man who appears decently in public is revenged upon society by acting the brute or bully toward his defenceless wife and children. This immunity from restraint has tempted many a man into low habits and harsh, tyrannical ways toward his family, who under other circumstances would have been quite respectable and kind. Men who have not the native refinement and nobility of soul to treat a loving wife and defenceless children with more kindness and consideration than they show to a mere passing acquaintance of the street, are unfit to have a wife and children, and the place they sleep in should be called a sty. The true man always goes up to his home, and while in it lives in the highest and finest and loveliest traits of his manhood. Be a beast and home will be a pen; be an angel and it will be a paradise.

What our American homes want to-day is more of the interest, the thought, the affection of men. Instead of making them the exhibition-room for peevishness, bad temper, stupidity, and petty tyranny, or even leaving them to the sole care of women and then finding fault because they are unsatisfactory, how much better and happier for all parties would it be if every man would give the best of his head and heart to make his home delightful and holy.

The true home is always on the highest plane of life, and the man finds it not by uncaging the beasts that crouch in his blood, but by unfolding the wings of the angel in his heart and brain. A man's house is his castle; let him keep it in a knightly fashion, with true chivalric honor, keeping every vow sacred, and holding a shield like the panoply of justice over the weak and small. It is a castle if he will keep it so; let him not make it a cage.

Home is a music-box made up of the love and aspiration and noble qualities of all its inmates. It is full of harmony and the consonance of sweet sounds. There is a perpetual concert going on within its walls. The trable of the woman's voice must be supported by the bass of the man's. She cannot make home complete by herself any more than she can carry all parts in singing at one time. Without his help her attempt at making home what it ought to be will produce a solo; together they will create the perfect symphony.

The Kiss.

"Come, my child," my lady said:
Swift from me to her he sped,
Nestled near her lovingly;
O'er his golden hair she yearned
And his rose-bud mouth upturned,
Softly kissed—alas for me!

Even he, his small arms twining
Round her neck, seemed half divining
The great bliss to me denied;
I, methought, my all would give
Such sweet welcome to receive,
As, enviously, I eyed.

Straight she left us two alone;
Then I called the little one
To my side, intent to place,
Foll'wing her gracious sign,
These adoring lips of mine
Where her lips had left their trace.

Here I thought to breathe the whole
Balm and fragrance of her soul;—
Stooping, I beheld a tear!
Suddenly my heart grew light,
Reading there a promise bright,
And a hope of coming cheer.

Au Revoir.

"OLIVE LOGAN" is now the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Wirt Sikes, who has been worried into writing a letter for the press by a paragraph in some paper to the effect that both she and her husband stand in the front line of the ultra-progressionists of the age in regard to marriage, and that the religious ceremony performed by Dr. Collyer was a concession to the prejudices of the unenlightened majority. This statement she pronounces utterly untrue. And she proceeds to say:

"If I had not been in some measure associated, for the past two or three years, with that small band of women who have pleaded for the extension of the franchise to our sex, this statement would never have been made. Because nowhere in my published writings, my lectures, or my private conversation have I ever said anything to warrant such a statement. On the contrary, I have steadily defended the holy institution of marriage in all my utterances touching the subject. I have earnestly contended that it is the basis of all that is best and most desirable in this life, and I have even gone so far, under the pressure of recent clamor, as to say that if woman suffrage means free-love I am opposed henceforth to woman suffrage. My marriage to Wirt Sikes was the last, most emphatic protest I could make against the free-love notions of which we hear so much in the present day; it was no 'concession'; it was an expression of opinion which I hoped no one could misunderstand. It was simply practicing what I preach."

This is well. We are heartily glad that Mrs. Sikes has published and has solemnized her protest against free-loveism, which we regard as one of the worst heresies ever hatched from addled brains. We rejoice that she has pronounced her high estimate of marriage by marrying one who is worthy of her hand and heart. But we read with surprise and regret the further statement, that as the subject of woman's enfranchisement

ment has become so loaded with obnoxious features that what once seemed a fair protest against taxation without representation—the principle for which our forefathers fought and died—is now becoming a nuisance to audiences, “I have resolved to confine myself in future to a line of remark which has done more toward winning me such fame and fortune as I possess than anything I have said about suffrage. Unclean hands have been laid upon it—let it go.”

Does Mrs. Sikes wish the world to understand that the only things she cares for are “fame and fortune?” Is she willing to confess thus publicly to the world that she sacrifices the principle of justice for popularity and pay? Is she so timid and fastidious that she willingly abandons a just cause and goes back on her sex because audiences are tired of trumpety tirades about woman's rights and wrongs, and a set of visionaries have laid their latest born on the door-step of the woman suffrage cause?

We are exceedingly sorry for Mrs. Sikes. Her confession is discreditable both to her reason and her heart. She must know perfectly well that between woman suffrage and free love there is not the least necessary connection, and that, while the former is a new thing under the sun, the latter is old as sin, and one of the first children of Satan. She should be perfectly well aware of the fact that nine out of every ten of the advocates of woman suffrage are firm believers in the sacredness of the marriage relation, and set their faces like flint against every form of looseness and license. To confound things so essentially different as woman suffrage and free love indicates a want of intelligence that amazes us. To repudiate a great movement of admitted justice and philanthropy because its advocacy does not pay, and because a few people have tried in vain to fasten their foul conceits, like a bit of dirty paper, to its skirts, shows a want of disinterestedness and a moral cowardice we never suspected in Olive Logan. Has marriage taken all the heroism and all the heart out of her so soon?

We are sorry, not for ourselves—though we can ill afford to lose the support of any good man or woman—but for Mrs. Sikes, who has unfortunately confessed what none but an enemy could have accused her of. And having disowned the character and thrown off the livery in which she first interested us and a large portion of the public, we leave her to “the old-fashioned themes of a noble life, a good man's love, frolics with the children, how to make home happy, the flowers on virtue's window-sill, the follies of Miss Japonica, the rapacities of Mr. Fitz-Noodle, the fanniments of Miss Jerusha, the honest little comedies of daily life, and the sweet household pixies,” with a hearty *au revoir*.

A LIFE without friends is worse than a life in a wilderness.

About the Holidays.

JENNIE JUNE, in her last letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, says it is the fashion among that class of dismal people who are always heralding cholera and yellow fever—who make an epidemic out of a single case of chicken-pox, and revel in newspaper accounts of sanitary crimes and misdeeds—to say that the observance of New Year's Day is dying out, and that its social gayeties are characterized by a laxity and indulgence which is disgusting in the eyes of all decent people. Never was slander greater or more unmerited. The custom of New Year's calls seems to become more general year by year, and is now extending from the metropolis all over the country. The abundant, but somewhat rude, hospitality which formerly distinguished it has given place to a delicacy and refinement very much more in keeping with its object and purpose, and which effectually excludes the infringements upon strict courtesy which were not unfrequent when every family presented a table loaded with everything eatable, and particularly everything drinkable, that could be found.

The universality of the custom is in no way more clearly exhibited than in the preparations which are made for it. Weeks beforehand shops and shop windows present the appearance of a huge baker's, confectioner's and fruit dealer's show. Christmas and Christmas trees are important incidents; but the great expectations of getting rid of all the jellies, and frosted and fruited cakes, the mottoes, the pyramids, the lady apples, the crystal *bon-bon* boxes and the white grapes are based upon “New Year's,” and that these expectations are well founded is evident in the sudden look of vacancy which follows this plethora of sweets and luxuries.

What a pity it is that a festival could not be invented to break in upon the dull days of February, and the ices of March which come after.

There is one peculiarity about New Year's calls, and that is that they interest and bring to the social surface quite a different class of people from the usual fashionable callers. Active business men who have no other day in the year devote this one to looking up old friends, and in our busy community it often forms the link which holds together lifelong ties of intimacy and friendship, or clasps a wide space between an old life and the new.

It is not in the nature of things to return to the “good old days” of spinning-wheels, and irons and sanded floors, nor does any intelligent man or woman really wish that we could, but every one is glad that a more healthy tone prevails in the community, over the fierce passion for dress and display which has been stimulated to the unhealthy height it reached during the past few years.

There is a lull this season, caused partly by the want of Parisian excitement, partly by the increasing preponderance of the Ger-

man element in our midst, and the influence of their simple, sober manners and customs, and completed by our own commercial disasters, and the disgrace into which mere money-getters and money-spenders have fallen.

A great display of gold and diamonds is rated “bad style” and vulgar. Ladies belonging to the very best class are even, in some instances, making a show of simplicity, putting all the cost into the fineness and genuineness of material, none into jewelry or the trimming of their toilets. Others, with less refinement of intelligence, are using laces and stors of a less cherished description, and employing them partly in furnishing up old dresses, partly in trimming new.

“I never knew,” said a wealthy lady recently, “how much pleasure I missed in giving my clothes away after a few times of wearing.”

Singularly, too, foreign travel is doing much to bring about more sensible ideas in regard to dress and living than have heretofore prevailed among us. Nothing does an American woman so much good as going abroad and finding out how people live whom she has been accustomed to base all her ideas of style upon. If families who go abroad to educate their children, and what not, were willing to live at home as they do when they are in France or Germany, they would not only relieve themselves of a vast burden, set a good example to entire communities, but impart to their children sound, honorable and honest ideas, worth all the teaching of schools.

Among the interesting articles of furniture with which Mr. Sumner has graced his Washington home is a new picture by a colored artist of Cincinnati, named Dumcaison. The picture is an original sketch of Eden's Isle, Loch Katrine, Scotland, referred to by Sir Walter Scott in his “Lady of the Lake,” taken from studies on the spot by the artist himself, and pronounced by visitors to that romantic scene exceedingly faithful. It is an afternoon, and the sky, water, foliage, and all the natural surrounding objects, indicate a master hand. The artist presented it in person, as a tribute of gratitude to the senator for his services in behalf of the Southern negroes.

A LITTLE girl who looked into a wood-cutter's cabin was asked to enter by the kind-hearted knight of the axe. The little miss hesitated, but presently asked, “Is there any mother there?” “Yes, dear,” replied a kind, womanly voice; “There is a mother here who will be glad to see you.” The little girl's instincts were wholesome and wise. She knew who she could love and trust. A home may be small and mean, but if it is the shrine of a mother's love, it is a happier place than a palace would be without this blessed presence.

DR. NEWHALL thinks that childhood is in danger of becoming extinct. Aged little boys and girls have their fashionable parties and balls, and dress and mince, and wriggle, and chatter nonsense, after the silliest models extant in fashionable life.

ORIGINAL STORY.

Gilbert's Folks.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

THE operation of foddering stock in December, when the wind is due East and you are facing it, and the ground has been trodden into slush which petrifies your feet, is not exhilarating. Gilbert was cold, and, if not exactly out of temper, tired and depressed. He was in that cheerful state of mind where he knew nobody cared for him and that he cared for nobody. He was half glad that he did not care for anybody, but there was a sore place in his bosom because nobody cared for him. His self-congratulations arose from the fact that if he had happened to care for anybody in particular, Eunice Mahew, for instance, he knew as well as he wished to know that she never could have cared for him; consequently he was not like a burnt child who dreads the fire, but like one who has seen the danger and avoided anything more serious than a singeing. Gilbert's thoughts were a little confused, and the consciousness that he had acted with unusual discretion made him crosser than there was any need of being. The chill atmosphere had a quality irritating to the temper of man and beast. The cattle were restless; they pushed with their horns and gathered in uncomfortable shivering huddles. There was a storm brewing. The sky was of a dull gray, and little spits of snow now and then floated downward.

When the foddering was over and the cattle stalled for the night, Gilbert went into the barn. There was a half hour of daylight still left to him, and the barn was a favorite place with Gilbert, even in cold weather, when the wind came crooning through the cracks and knot-holes and drearily rustled the dry shocks of corn still unhusked, or snow sifted through the siding and lay in white patches on the hay. Certainly it was not a cheerful resort, with its great spaces that in these short Winter days so quickly filled with mystery and shadow, and no sound but the hens stepping about, or the squeak of a mouse. But the young man liked it. He often sat on a three-legged milking stool in one of the empty horse stalls, and reflected cheerfully on the fact that nobody cared a copper for him. There wasn't the remotest chance of her ever caring for him, and here the abstraction took the form of a young woman, not very tall, with a pleasant face a little tanned, mischievous, laughing eyes, a good little nose that apparently wanted to turn up, but did not commit any such impropriety, and silky hair that quirked and curled in a distracting and altogether inexplicable manner. This somebody, whose name was Eunice Mahew, was foreordained and predestined, so Gilbert reasoned, to fall in love with Milton Spencer, the teacher of the village high school. He was a young man fresh from college, and a manly fellow, too, in spite of a few airs and graces. He evidently liked Eunice, Gilbert thought

the situation over calmly and dispassionately, with no personal interest of course, but, strange to say, although he judged fairly enough of Milton's merits and saw how great were his chances of success, he heartily wished the young pedagogue in Guinea.

Although Gilbert scorned foppery, he had recently procured a small looking-glass, which he hung against a beam in the stall, and there spent odd moments in arranging his neck-tie, and studying diverse modes of masculine hair-dressing. If there was a sensible, sound young man in the whole neighborhood, it was Gilbert Freeman. Left an orphan at an early age, he had struggled hard, ever keeping to the purpose of making the most of himself and improving his opportunities. He read the best books which came in his way, and had never been known to spend time on anything trashy or sentimental. He was not an imaginative young man. There was a locked box or bin, where the spare harness was kept, and there, strange to say, Gilbert had of late deposited two or three small volumes which looked suspiciously like poetry.

These works were placed beside Macaulay's History of England, and Gibbon's Rome, but, strange to say, when Gilbert in his spare moments took out one of these ponderous tomes, which he had once so eagerly devoured, the words swam before his eyes, or faded entirely out of view, and he put the book back with a feeling of weariness, and took from its place a little blue and gold volume, sneakily conscious that the poet who sings of love, and perpetual youth, of stars, and flowers, and streams, alone has the right of things. For a young man who cared for nobody this suddenly acquired taste for poetry did look rather strange; but still as he sat there on his milking stool, with the shadows creeping into the old barn, he was so glad on account of the disengaged state of his affections, that, strong fellow as he was, he actually covered his face with his hands, and the color burned in his brown cheeks, and womanish tears sprang to his eyes, at thought of an impossible bliss. He was in a very peculiar state of mind for a young man who knew he was not in love. Presently the little side door leading into the stall was opened, and the flutter of a woman's dress came to his ear, such a flutter as only one woman in the world could make by a quick and cheerful step. In an instant Eunice Mahew stood before him. She had thrown an old cloak of red and black plaid around her, and pulled the hood about her rosy face. There was a pretty petulance and sauciness in her air, which stopped just this side of pertness, and was very alluring.

"What, you here, Gilbert," said she, with a most delightful air of surprise, "sitting all alone, on a three-legged stool, and glowering like an owl in an ivy bush."

"I generally am here," returned Gilbert; "but what has brought you here, Miss Mahew?" and his voice caught on a lump in his throat.

"I am here, Mr. Freeman," and she saucily emphasized the Mr., "to hunt hen's nests. I know it is a little late, and hens don't lay this time of year, and I can never find their nests when they do lay, but, you see, I want the eggs to make pound-cake and Washington pie with early in the morning, for Jane Forest's surprise party."

"Oh!" stammered Gilbert. He could think of nothing else to say, and so let his eyes drop on the floor. Eunice did not appear to be in any very great hurry about the eggs, for she seated herself composedly on a bag of oats quite near where Gilbert was sitting, and wrapped the old plaid cloak about her. Her picturesque face never looked so irresistible and roguish as within the puckered edge of that old hood. The tip of her tidy shoe peered out from under the skirt of her dress, and her little white hands were just visible where they lay folded in her lap. She looked as if she had all day before her, and was ready for a good talk.

"Now, Gilbert, if you'll stop Missing, I will stop Misting," said Eunice. "I just want to know if you mean to go to Jane's surprise party."

"No, I don't," returned Gilbert, curtly.

"Well, that's flat," broke out the young lady, tapping her little foot impatiently.

"But it is just exactly what I expected. And pray, why should you stay here looking like a hearse when other people are enjoying themselves?"

"I don't care for such things very much, and what is the use? I haven't got any folks. There is nobody who minds whether I go or stay."

"Oh, I suppose you mean sisters?" said Eunice.

"Yes," blurted out Gilbert, feeling that he was telling the largest kind of a whopper. "I mean sisters of course."

"Well, it is a sad thing not to have sisters to go about with one," returned Eunice—of course it is, but that is no reason for shutting yourself up and looking as solemn as the grave. I haven't any brothers, but suppose I should shut myself up and mope while the young folks are going about on husking bees, and quilting parties, and sleigh rides—would that be sensible? If you haven't a sister of your own to go with, you must console yourself with the sister of somebody else. I never before heard of a young man who wanted to leave this world on account of sisters who were never born. Young men are not apt to be too attentive to those they are actually blessed with."

"I wasn't thinking of sisters only," said Gilbert, feeling rather sheepish, and turning his face away; "but I am alone in the world. I have no folks of my own. If there is no one to take a particular interest in us we lose heart in things."

Gilbert stammered, and Eunice caught him up in her sprightly fashion, "So you sit here in sackcloth and ashes because you haven't got folks. You are mourning, I suppose, for your great grandmother, who died of deadness seventy years ago. If you

haven't got folks why don't you adopt some—my folks, for instance. There isn't any sense in you're trying to make out that you are lonely and desolate."

"A man wants his own folks," returned Gilbert, rather stiffly; "but I haven't said what I have because I wish to be pitied."

"Oh, I shan't pity you," returned Eunice, with a little toss of her curly head. "I am not in the habit of pitying people just because they are obstinate and unreasonable. And, besides, it is growing dark, and I really must go and look for those hens' nests. Only I will say, Gilbert Freeman, I think you have acted in a most ungrateful manner. Here poor father has been laid up all the season with rheumatism, and has put the whole of his business in your hands. He thinks there never was another such a man made. He would trust you with uncounted gold; and mother, soft-hearted little woman, could not love you better if you were her own son. And now, in spite of it all, you go on croaking as if nobody took any interest in you, and it does not matter whether you live or die. I call it base ingratitude."

"So do I," put in Gilbert, humbly.

"Why do you agree with me?" retorted Eunice. "Do you wish to exasperate me still more?"

"No," replied Gilbert, from a depth of abjectness almost pitiful because he was such a big, strong fellow. "I only wanted to hear you scold. I would rather hear you scold than the sweetest music that ever was made."

It was growing deep dusk now; but Gilbert could see that Eunice flushed.

"What nonsense," said she, jumping up from the bag of oats; and then she gave a little forced laugh, and stood first on one foot, then on the other, like a nervous bobolink, and added, with an enchanting innocence, "Really, it is getting quite dark, and I must go and hunt those hens' nests."

"Let the hens set to-night, Eunice," said Gilbert, and he, too, got up and took hold of the side of the bin, as if he wanted support.

"Will Milton Spencer be at the surprise party?" he inquired, abruptly, changing the subject, and making a positive effort to ask the question.

"Of course he will," said Eunice, animatedly. "A party would be no party at all without Milton. He is the life of every company, and the most agreeable young man in the village. The girls are quite wild about him, I assure you. And then he is so well educated, and has read so much, and can recite Latin poetry, though I don't see what's the good of it. Of course we admire all those rigmaroles in foreign and dead languages we don't understand a word of. When Milton looks at me with those nice brown eyes, and says, 'Miss Eunice, how tempus does fugit,' it is beautiful. Besides, he knows all the college jokes and songs, and he has no near connection, I believe. He was brought up by an uncle; but he don't think it necessary

to go off alone by himself, and croak like a crow in the top of a pine tree. He circulates around among folks, and people like him. If you want to make friends you must show yourself friendly."

It is just possible Eunice knew each one of her words in praise of Milton Spencer was like a particularly sharp needle thrust into the tenderest spot in Gilbert's heart; but the outward effect she had not counted on.

Gilbert set his teeth hard, and muttered between them, "Confound Milton Spencer. I wish I could punch that fellow's head."

"O dear," cried Eunice, with the prettiest show of anxiety possible. "Isn't Milton a nice young man? Have you got anything against him?"

"No," said Gilbert, sarcastically, "I love him, but not so well as you do."

The girl's eyes blazed, and Gilbert felt them almost scorch him through the shadows. "What right have you," she cried, to pretend to know who I love or don't love? How can you read my heart better than I read it myself. It is impertinent, Mr. Freeman; it is offensive, sir."

Gilbert, in the tumult of his own feelings, did not appear to mind the storm he had raised.

"O, Eunice," he cried, out of the depth of his great love, so long repressed, "if I could indeed look into your heart, and read there what is written in my own! You must have seen that I loved you better than life—better, almost, than my own soul. I am a strong man, but this feeling is stronger than I am. It makes me humble like a little child. You could order me down in the very dust at your feet, and I should be proud to stay there. I am a fool, Eunice, to let you look into my heart, as through a door of glass. I know I shall suffer for it, and you will not like me any the better. I know you can't love me. I have told myself so a thousand times, and I won't give you the trouble of refusing. I have spoken because I could not help but speak. You need not pity me, Eunice; I would rather a thousand times have your hate. There is a little grain of manliness left in me, and by and by I shall be able to face life. Things won't look quite so black and worthless as they do now, when I try to think of it away from you. There, I have made you cry! What a brute I am!"

All this was said rapidly, excitedly, amid the dense, gathering shadows. Then there came a little, warm, soft flutter against Gilbert's breast, and something like a downy, tremulous bird crept into his hand, and in the darkness a blushing face was hidden away.

"I don't know why you should be so cross to me," said a voice that seemed half stifled between laughing and crying. "I don't know why you should make yourself disagreeable, and try to force me to marry a man I never thought of caring about, and then talk as if you meant to commit suicide. If you hadn't been such a great old stupid, you would have seen how it was with

me all along; but you were obstinate and horribly jealous, sir, and Milton Spencer made himself pleasant, and you never did. I know I teased you, for it is natural to me to love to tease, but I won't any more."

The end of the young woman's speech grew unintelligible from reasons the reader can imagine. The old barn was terribly dark and pokerish now, with the wind every moment growing colder, but to those two it seemed filled with summer warmth and fragrance. The lovers were utterly oblivious of the fact that a snow storm was raging outside, until they opened the door and were obliged to face the blast. Then the merry flakes flew in their faces, and pelted them like the pretty hands of fairies. Eunice looked up at the dark old barn, in summer swallow-haunted, but lonesome now, and kissed her hand to it gayly.

"Dear old barn!" said she, "I came to find hens' nests, and found a lover. We will always cherish it, won't we, Gilbert, for giving us the happiest hour of our lives?"

The wind was driving little drifts before them along the path leading to the farmhouse, where cheerful lights shone from the windows.

"How beautiful this is," said Eunice, nestling, if that could be, closer to Gilbert's side. "It seems as though the angels were sending us their congratulations. We will have a surprise party at home. I think the news will make poor father well, and mother has fretted all the Fall about Milton Spencer. I haven't set her right, because I knew how she enjoyed a chronic worry. Now that the dear old match-maker has obtained the desire of her heart, what will she find to fret over? And you, Gilbert, will you go mourning because you have no folks of your own—on account of those dear girls your sisters, who never were born, and that blessed old lady, your grandmother?"

The snow held them by a white charm, in an enchanted world of love and youth, while Eunice chatted merrily, her cheeks glowing inside the old hood, all powdered over with the dancing flakes. Their footsteps made little wells in the drift, and the great bare branches of the trees swayed overhead.

"I have found my folks," said Gilbert, when he could speak. "All my heart craves I possess right here. I was gloomy and misanthropic, because I feared you would banish me forever from your sight. There is no loneliness, my darling, like hopeless separation from the one we love for time and for eternity."

BRIDAL trips are unknown in Japan. Instead of leaving the newly-wedded pair to themselves, every pretext is employed to overwhelm them with visits and invitations, always accompanied with feasts and prolonged libations.

The humiliation of Paris has liberated America from the tyranny of her fashions. Our women no longer ask Worth how to cut their dresses and tie their ribbons.

Words and Works.

PERFUMED gloves are the latest novelty.

MADAME VERTVALI is about returning to this country.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is building a cottage at Newport.

MRS. ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON is to give one public reading in Boston.

ARE washerwomen silly? They put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

MRS. SARAH C. SPENCER has resigned the presidency of the Washington Woman's Club.

A KENTUCKY girl wants to have tobacco planted on her grave, that its leaves may solace her mourning lovers.

It is said that one woman in Chicago slept through the great fire. We supposed it burned up all the sleepers.

A MAGNIFICENT statue of the Virgin, in massive silver, valued at \$6,000, has just been sent to the Pope by the Spanish Catholics.

A SOCIETY of neglected wives would be larger and far more respectable than any of the clubs of hen-pecked husbands of which we hear so much.

A SLOGO girl in Selma, Ala., skips a rope with a pail full of water on her head without spilling it. It is a wonder that her head does not swim.

NILSSON received \$22,000 for an engagement of twenty nights in New York, and Wachtel has been paid \$30,000 for an engagement there of similar length.

SOME one, speaking of the congregation in a fashionable church, said the penitents' dresses were seal-skin and sable, and the odor of sanctity came de Cologne.

LOUISE COLET, a French authoress, who died several months ago, left her large fortune to one of the wives of the Khedive of Egypt, with whom she was well acquainted.

QUEEN VICTORIA makes a public acknowledgment of her gratitude for the kind interest that has been shown by the British people for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

VERY elegant silk costumes for the street are trimmed with bands of velvet instead of velvet, as it is much more durable, looks fully as well, for about one quarter of the price.

THE Union League does a very handsome thing this winter in having occasional receptions of ladies. These receptions have reconciled the wives of many members to the Club.

A YOUNG woman only needs one lover very very much in earnest to bring around her several others equally devoted, as men are sometimes like sheep and all follow where one leads.

A COUPLE of ladies in Brooklyn recently captured a thief who was in the chamber of one of them helping himself to her jewelry. There is nothing like having presence of mind and courage.

QUEEN VICTORIA's Christmas present to the Emperor Alexander was six Southdown sheep from the Northumberland folds. There is something delightfully pastoral and poetic in such a gift.

THIRTY of the most respectable women of Medora, Ind., emptied the contents of a bar-room into the street a few days since.

When women vote they will do things in a better way.

THE "German" is still practiced in society circles. It is too good a thing to be given up. None but good dancers have any show in it, and thus acts as an incentive for people to dance elegantly.

A LADY recently arrived in this city with \$25,000 worth of silk laces concealed about her person. Such extraordinary lacing proved to be both expensive and humiliating to the fair suagger.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie has lost her throne and her beauty, and is now trying to dispose of her jewels, which are said to be worth \$300,000 in gold. She shows good sense in exchanging baubles for bullion.

IMITATION diamond necklaces are worn by many ladies, instead of the real stones, as they can hardly be told from the real at a distance, or across a ball-room, and if lost the loss would not be quite so severe.

THE general impression seems to be that a man is not good for much until thirty-five, and a woman is not good for much after thirty-five; which comes as near the truth as many other general impressions do.

AN English young lady novelist, who has sprung into an odd kind of fame during the last two or three years, was described by a satirical friend as "a pert little girl who tries to be offensive to her Creator, and fails."

MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS WILLIAMS is the leader of society at Fort Leavenworth, where her present husband is in command, and where Mrs. Dunn, a daughter of Senator Morrill, aids in making frontier life endurable.

THE Fort Wayne woman who sued her husband for pay for fourteen years of service in his household, on the ground that there was a flaw in the marriage ceremony, has been awarded \$1,168 by the Allen Circuit Court.

"WHAT'S the use of keeping all those kittens?" asked a father of his little four-year-old daughter, whose pussy had recently presented her with five pets. "So we can have lots of meesic, pa!" was the triumphant reply.

AN old lady, walking with her two grown daughters on a moonlight night, displayed her knowledge of astronomy by pointing heavenward and exclaiming, "Oh! my dears, do look at them beautiful stars, Juniper and March!"

A FEMALE teacher at Westbury, L. I., has been dismissed by the school trustees because she refused to teach six colored children in a separate class from the white ones; an act for which they have no color of an excuse but prejudice.

WHAT is the use of waiting to join a society for the encouragement of plainness in dress? Every woman who dresses in a simple, tasteful, economical, elegant way, is a whole society in herself, and helps create a fashion which it will be a credit for all women to follow.

BROOKLYN has a Graham Institution for poor women over sixty years old, with fifty-five happy inmates. A fair was recently held for their benefit, and Mrs. Miller, one of the managers, manufactured an elephant, from the exhibition of which \$90 were realized.

MISS BELLE SMITH, the golden-haired lady who painted the portrait of the late Secretary Stanton for the City Hall, has returned to Washington from her Western Summer home,

and opened her studio at Professor Brunt's residence. One of her best recent studies is a "Midsummer Night's Dream."

SILVER ornaments are becoming very fashionable, and necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets are made of the light-colored metal, worn on the back of the head as a fastening to a white or pink bow or feather, in full evening dress, is a very pretty addition to a light-colored toilet.

MISS PHOEBE COUZINS, late of St. Louis, was enrolled a few days since in the Circuit Court of Little Rock as a member of the bar. One of the bar, in congratulating Miss Couzins on her admission, said: "While I do not know that I can welcome you as a brother, yet I feel that it is in order to welcome you as a Cousin."

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE has engaged Miss Jennie Collins to lecture before the workingwomen of this city, and the friends of woman suffrage generally, on Thursday evening, Jan. 25. She has applied for the use of Tammany Hall, and we hope her request will be granted. It is just the place for such a gathering.

At a concert in Boston, a young woman who was disturbing those of the audience seated near her, by incessant chattering, was summarily silenced by a gentleman who handed her a piece of paper on which he had written the suggestion that she might not be conscious that she was revealing family secrets to a large circle of auditors.

MRS. ELLA DAVIS ROCKWOOD seems ubiquitous. She is now in the West, speaking every night in the large cities. She has spoken in Indianapolis, among other places, and the Mayor heads a request for a second lecture. She has been in the Western field two weeks, and her engagements cover all January. She leaves a good impression wherever she speaks.

At a recent business meeting of the New York Woman Suffrage organization Mrs. L. D. Blake presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: That this organization presents its hearty thanks to Gov. Campbell, of Wyoming, for his noble course in vetoing the bill repealing woman suffrage in that territory, and hopes that he may long remain in the office which he honors, to do battle for justice and right.

A ROMANTIC pair were blessed with a number of daughters, the eldest of whom was named Caroline, the second Madeline, the third Evaline, the fourth Angeline, and the fifth Evangeline. Finally, a sixth daughter was born to them, and for a time they could find no name for it with the desired termination, when her mother suggested Crinoline, which was adopted. We hope these parents' lines will fall in pleasant places.

THE order of Deaconess is growing in favor in the English Church. The Dean of Chester publishes some rules for their guidance—among others a deaconess must wear a dress that should be plain and distinctive; should aim at a constant progress in religious knowledge, and ought not to drop her surname. But suppose she should marry? Must she cease to be a Deaconess, or commit the folly of retaining her maiden name? Most of our women are not so fond of their surname as to be unwilling to take another.

REV. W. H. CUDWORTH, of East Boston, marries a great many couples, and marries them

well, too. But he sometimes forgets; and the other evening, while in the midst of a lecture, he suddenly remembered that he had engaged to marry a couple at that very moment. He immediately stopped, stated the case to his audience, asked the organist to perform his best piece, and hastened to tie the knot for the impatient pair, who had just begun to feel uneasy. Then he returned and took up the thread of his discourse.

THE Springfield Republican says: "We know of no American city where the class of unfortunates are more numerous than in New York, and if their 'influence on political life' was not such as to be dreaded in the late contest there, we doubt if it will be very formidable hereafter. But we will go farther, and say that these women as voters will be vastly more careful and trustworthy than are the men by whose support they live, and to whose depraved passions they minister; and that it would be wiser to exclude from the suffrage the men who frequent brothels than the women whom they maintain there."

THE *Athenæum* says that to say of George Eliot that she is far the first English novelist is, as novelists go, scant and inadequate praise. The best and truest estimate of "Middlemarch" is to find that we test it not by the works of other hands, but by other works of the same hand. It is with "The Mill on the Floss" that its affinities are strongest, and those who remember George Eliot in the one will not be likely to think she has fallen below herself in the other. It is something for a writer to be assured that she will leave behind her a picture of her own times as vivid as if drawn by Fielding, and far more worthy of life.

MRS. ELIZA GREATORIX is spending the Winter in Munich. Mrs. Greatorix has been about two years in Europe, pursuing her art studies in Italy and Southern Germany. Wherever she has stopped her talents have been generously recognized, and her works much praised. In a private letter written to a lady of this city she says: "I have been hard at work this Summer. We spent three months in Oberammergau, living among the people. The Passion Play was indeed wonderful, and the lives of the peasants very interesting. We enjoyed the Summer more than I can tell in that quiet Ammer valley. I made many drawings of the quaint old houses, and intend to publish a book."

It is the custom of the members of the Tennessee Legislature to make an annual visit to Mrs. James K. Polk, who has been pronounced the finest lady who ever presided at the White House. A Knoxville paper, in its account of the visit of this year, says: "Mrs. Polk was looking better than at the last visit, and she and Mrs. Fall, who did the honors, recognized gentlemen presented more than a year ago, and not seen since. Mrs. Polk is altogether a most wonderful woman, extraordinary alike for her mental and moral qualities, her beauties of person, and her excellence in all those graces that adorn the life of the noble and the good. Wine, cake and other delicate refreshments, intermixed with the smiles and pleasant voices of a few entertaining ladies, with the portraits of the great looking down from the walls, all combined to make the occasion exceedingly delightful."

JENNIE JUNE says that, as an independent

garment, we have nothing, as yet, to equal in grace and beauty the polonaise. And, speaking of the polonaise, it will be certain to be carried through the next season. Ladies in more Southern climates, anxious to prepare Spring and Summer wardrobes in advance of the almanac, may confidently rest their faith upon the polonaise as upon an anchor sure and, for a time, steadfast. The polonaise is as yet a novelty. In Paris and London it is only just beginning to take the place of the overskirt and jacket. It will be more a rage in both cities during the coming year than it has been in the past. It is graceful and so convenient that it will obtain the high vogue there that it has here. *Vive la Polonaise*. Choose your patterns and construct your costumes. They will be all right in white pique, muslin, silk, chali, linen, lawn, or cambric.

MRS. S. L. BALDWIN, a returned missionary, says that if you ask a Chinese woman how many children she has, she will tell you only the number of boys. She has to be asked the second time how many girls she has, as they are thought so little of that in many cases they are killed as soon as born. A large-footed woman told me once that her first child was a little girl, and she described to me how she loved the little one. "My husband went out," she said, "and brought in a tub of water. I begged him to spare its life, but he took the little thing and put its head into the water, and held it there until it was dead." Her second baby was a daughter, and it was served the same as the first; the third was a boy; he lived until he was four years old, then the gods got angry and killed him; then my husband died; and if I eat anything nice, and if I wear good clothes, my relatives become angry, and treat me harshly. Even in the Christian churches in China the women are not allowed in the same room with the men, but are partitioned off in a lattice-work room.

ACCORDING to the Springfield Republican, "The newspaper organ of the suffrage movement in New England—the *Woman's Journal*—is not what it ought to be, and is far from doing what was expected of it. There is no lack of talent in the editors, and we are sure there is no lack of industry, but the *Journal* does not show the fruits of talent and industry as it ought. It is not well edited—does not steadily and judiciously carry along the work that a weekly newspaper can do—and, as a whole, it fails to be interesting. This is the capital fault, the unpardonable sin, of a newspaper, as it is the besetting sin of an 'organ.' Col. Higginson and some of the other contributors do what they can to redeem it from being dull; but they only partially succeed. It needs diligent, bright, tactful editing, and apparently suffers from a want of continuous and careful office-work. At the beginning of a new year, with the funds of the bazar to draw upon for its reserved resources, the *Woman's Journal* ought to take a new departure, and rise to the level of its opportunities and of the demands made upon it."

MR. E. H. G. CLARK recently gave a lecture in Troy, N. Y., on the Lyceum, in which he says:—My lips would refuse to frame a syllable of disrespect for Anna Dickinson. I remember too well that when Rebellion confronted the Nation, and the North was endangered by the partisans of our own hearth-stones, a Quaker girl raised her voice in doubtful States, inspiring freedom afresh, and leading it to victory! The

moral earnestness of our Joan of Arc is one of my proudest boasts for the Lyceum. But when I complained to her a while ago of her recent lecture on "Demagogues and Workingmen"—among the former of which she tacitly includes even Mr. Phillips—she waved her hand over a dining-board at which we were seated and said: "The Labor Question is as big as this table." Then drawing with her finger a circle as small as a tea-cup she added: "My lecture is only so much of it." I accept her statement for its truth as well as its modesty. But she gives me cheer in another direction. Every question not only has two sides, but both sides of every great question generally deserve an advocate. If Wendell Phillips, at sixty, takes the positive, aggressive, philosophical view of the Labor movement, while Anna Dickinson, at thirty, grows negative and conservative, I will assure even Alexander H. Stephens that he needs woman's vote, if only as a block to the wheels of an age that may possibly go too fast.

MRS. MARY CLEMMER AMES, writing from Washington to the *Independent* of some of the women who were conspicuous at the recent convention there, says of Lucy Stone: "I notice that all men, no matter what their opinions, meet her as an antagonist with smiling equanimity. A woman with the most motherly of faces, who demands her 'rights' in a tone sweet as a silver flute, has wonderfully the advantage over the gruffest male tyrant in creation." Julia Ward Howe is "a woman of ideals, all her life she has striven to draw the ugly facts of every day up into the halo surrounding her own mount of vision." * * She is a scholar, a metaphysician, and a poet; she is in no sense a popular speaker, and never can be. Her thoughts are too involved, her words too rapid. Her sentences, golden arrows, diamond-tipped, glance above men's heads, and are lost among the stars. Like Emerson, she may speak to many; but only a few hear, and fewer still understand. They who do meet her soul to soul, know her, and receive her priestess and woman." "Celia Burleigh is a stately lily of a woman, pure and tender. Time can never obliterate the beauty of her face, and there is a pathetic vibration in her voice, a thrill in her speech, which stirs one's heart. She is set apart and consecrated by love, and sorrow, and the spirit of God's Anointed for her work." There was "Elizabeth Churchill, of Rhode Island, on whose sensitive and delicate face still lingers the shadow of griefs gone by. And there was Mary Livermore, in repose, looking like a grand bronzen statue, every line full of power and majesty. When she rose, what vitality, what magnetic currents rushed from her deep heart and brain into her speech, from her speech into the nerves and hearts of those who listened, of whatsoever name or creed, till communication and sympathy became perfect, and she felt and held the vast audience like a single pulse. In this moment she was a pure electrical, mental and emotional force, and as such solely should be judged. The audience, which was at least two-thirds men, wept, laughed and listened as she willed. Without his infinite sweetness and subtlety of speech, she has all of Henry Ward Beecher's humor, dramatic fervor and irresistible eloquence. No woman and very few men ever carried a vast audience before them in Washington as did Mrs. Livermore. Such a woman in any community, or committed to any cause, is a power with it and in it which no words can measure."

THE REVOLUTION.

W. T. CLARKE, Editor.

THIS journal is devoted to the interests of Woman and Home Culture. Items of intelligence, articles and communications are solicited. Contributions must be short, pointed and important, and invariably addressed to the Editor. Articles will be returned when requested, if the postage is inclosed. Terms: **THREE DOLLARS** per year, payable in advance. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders, Bank Checks or Drafts, or Registered Letters. Papers are forwarded until ordered discontinued, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. In writing on business, always give the name of post-office and State. Address,

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A Personal Explanation.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know how we can edit the *REVOLUTION*, which so stoutly defends the sanctity of marriage, and at the same time consent to be Associate Editor of the *Golden Age*, which advocates easy divorce, and is the champion of the leading female advocate of free love. To which we reply that we have no editorial responsibility for the *Golden Age*; that we have the greatest regard for and confidence in Mr. Tilton, whom just now it is exceedingly fashionable to decry and belie; that the *Golden Age* stands for freedom of speech and fair play, and has printed the strongest statement against free love that has yet been made; that it has never advocated free love, and has defended its champion on the same grounds and in the same way that it would have defended any other woman who had been unjustly attacked. We have no interest in Mrs. Woodhull, and no prejudice against her. If she is a saint she will be recognized as such and canonized in due time; if she is a sinner she must bear the inevitable consequence, but throwing stones is not our vocation. Some of her views, if correctly reported, are abominable, and we shall lose no time in branding them as they deserve.

Furthermore, we wish to say distinctly, that while agreeing with Mr. Tilton in many of his views and all of his spirit, we differ from him radically on the subject of marriage and divorce. Marriage is not love, but the legal act of parties who have no business to unite in it if they do not love each other. People may love each other deeply and intensely without marrying. Moreover, as love is not marriage, so ceasing to love does not cancel marriage. The contract remains and binds. To abolish all laws on the subject and leave the whole matter to the passions, caprices, interests and whims of the parties interested in it, we contend would be bad for individuals, unsafe for society, destructive to home and fatal to public order. Let the conditions of divorce be the same in all the

States of the Union, the same for woman as for man, and as easy as the welfare of individuals and the well-being of society will allow. But a marriage which can be dissolved at will is merely a door with no house behind it.

The Harum-Scarums.

It is a mistaken idea that all the bleary-eyed, lop-sided and triangular people in the community are attached to reforms. Many of them are too aristocratic, or fastidious, or conscientious, or conservative to mingle with the somewhat miscellaneous multitude which make up the rank and file of the great army of reform. Quite as many people are born with a natural squint towards fashion and respectability as towards unpopularity and ostracism. Indeed we are satisfied that the number of people who are constitutionally preordained to the cross is not very large. It is easy enough to find people afflicted with some particular "wanity;" but generally the "wanity" is for good dinners and "our best society." The odds and ends of humanity are scattered about among all classes and in all walks of life with a good deal more impartiality than is generally imagined. At any rate, the reformers have no monopoly of these favors of Providence.

Nevertheless every great reform has been and is more or less infested with a class of harum-scarums, born with an innate predisposition or constitutional wrench which makes them fit into the special movement to which they are attached like a hook to a staple or a burr to a lady's new dress. The fact that they are not wanted has no weight in their minds so long as their own wants are met. They are sure of their vocation. The disfavor of their fellows is one of the crosses they must expect to bear. Fidelity to their mission lays this burden upon their shoulders. They must bear their testimony whether men will hear or not. And doubtless they think that the particular movement with which they are connected was Providentially designed to furnish them with the necessary conditions of doing their appointed work and propagate their influence, as the fly may imagine that the grub-worm was created on purpose to hatch the eggs she lays in the aperture she has made in its quivering flesh. Those who are bored cannot always tell the meaning of the infiction.

There are several varieties of the harum-scarum species; but all varieties agree in looking at the world from a single angle of observation and with one eye, and finding everything out of time and tune and terribly awry. Moreover, they believe in their own infallibility, and are only amazed that the Almighty had not waited until they were born before venturing to create the world and making such a muddle of it: for they could have given profitable advice and saved a deal of mending. Things are bad and bound to be worse unless men adopt their remedy; they must expect drought

until they take the gimlet which some harum-scarum has discovered to tap the clouds, and poverty and crime must be borne with until men are wise enough to adopt the financial plaster and moral blister harum-scarum astuteness and skill have devised. They all hold to the divinity of noise, especially that of their own making, and make up in roar what they lack in reason. Their sincerity and earnestness command respect, and compel attention to their crudities; and people bear with their commonplace and nonsense because they themselves mistake it for the newest and profoundest wisdom, and imagine the notice of the crowd is admiration, and newspaper notoriety is fame.

All our modern reforms have had to carry a set of harum-scarums, who have invariably imagined that they carried the reforms they encumbered and well-nigh freighted down. It is the fate of all new moral movements to gather up more or less of this drift material, as the strong whirlpool draws the floating chips and leaves and splinters into its vortex. Perhaps this class of persons is of more service than is usually supposed. A Mussulman pointed out an English dandy to his son, and said, "If you forget Allah and renounce our holy faith see what you may become!" The harum-scarum shows all sensible people what not to be. He exercises the patience, the forbearance, the generosity of his co-workers. He disgusts all fastidious and over-refined advocates from the platform, and so winnows all the chaff out of the ranks; the men and women who can stand and work with a half-dozen harum-scarums are equal to flood, fire, thumb-screws, or anything. They keep a cause from becoming popular too soon. Doubtless their noise attracts the notice of some who would not hear more sensible sounds; and by becoming a target for ridicule they draw attention to the principles they caricature.

We have no stones to throw at these unfortunates, who are so exquisitely unlovely that it would seem they cannot help but feeling how very disagreeable they are, and anything like scorn gives place to sympathy. But still we cannot help praying to be delivered from the man whose whole idea of reform is the turning of things upside down or putting the ocean into a pint pot, whose method consists in ranting and railing at whatever is, and who seems to be a cross between a jackal and a gasometer. And as for the female harum-scarum, a whirlwind in petticoats, she is a phenomenon which may be studied with interest in the distance, but the interest always increases with the distance.

The lesson reformers need to learn is that good sense and good taste are conditions of success and influence. It requires more courage and ability, a higher self-command and command of ideal resources, to advocate a cause in a simple, common-sense, discreet and honorable way than to shriek extravaganzas, and scream crudities, and rant revolutions. Any idiot can startle an audi-

ence by the utterance of wild and destructive sentiments, as a monkey might excite terror by rushing upon a roof with a blazing fire-brand in his paw. But it takes a thousand times more intelligence and heroism to speak with the gravity and grace, the wisdom and moral dignity a great cause should always command and inspire. And after all, this is the only advocacy which amounts to anything in the long run.

Fashions.

THE little fur bags and portemonnaies carried by the ladies this season, transport us for a moment from the blue skies and tempered air of some of the mildest of our New York winter days to Alaska or the Siberian snows. It is difficult to see the appropriateness of these things in this climate; but in and of themselves they are pretty appendages.

Short Elizabethan ruffs have again come up, and are increasing in width, so that it would not be very strange if, in time, they rivalled the astonishing neck-gear seen in sixteenth century portraits. They are made of stiffened lace or muslin, quilled or plaited, and worn with a dress cut slightly heart-shaped in front.

Pale, delicate, neutral tints are much liked for evening toilets. In their shimmer and sheen they resemble moonbeams upon a lake, or a faint morning mist rising against a rosy mountain side. The opalescent, pearly effects are very beautiful by gas-light, and they are becoming to nearly all complexions.

As many as seven or eight different shades of one color are sometimes used in the same costume. This motley style is said to make short people look much taller than they really are. It has the effect of a kaleidoscope or sheet of falling water, and disturbs the surface, so that a true measurement by the eye is very difficult.

The price of one of these marvellous, deceptive costumes is no bagatelle. A fashion writer, who had her head turned by the sight of a dress that cost eleven hundred dollars, describes it geologically as an "oolitic shade, resembling a tint between the chalk and the lias." This is easy of comprehension, and ought to be improved upon. In that case we shall expect to hear of stratified skirts and trains worn *a la Saurian*. Science will be taught in the ladies' books in ten easy lessons, and Agassiz and Huxley will become favorite contributors.

In these hard times, when banks are breaking and business stagnating, we ask ourselves, with a kind of astonishment, who the people are who can afford to wear eleven-hundred-dollar dresses. In face of the great calamities of the past year, with thousands of homeless and destitute people in the West, such extravagance betokens heartlessness and vulgarity. If people have great sums of money to spend on objects of luxury and personal adornment, they had better lay it away until brighter

days, and not allow their full-blown ostentation to flaunt too gaily in the face of less fortunate neighbors.

Do the women who wear dresses worth their weight in gold have anything left to give in charity? Do they ever try to save some of the children perishing in our streets, or their poor sisters, who stand between want and shame, with no weapon but a needle? Here is a poor lad eager for an education, there is a talented young girl who cannot afford instruction, or an industrious, respectable man, who has had many set-backs in life, and now out of work, with sickness in his family, is about to take to drink from sheer discouragement. Do the people who wear thousand-dollar dresses, and ten-thousand-dollar jewels, take any pains to hunt up such cases as these, and delicately help them to tide over the hard place, and put the power of self-support into their hands? We hope they do.

Any woman who gives money to do good, somewhat in proportion to the money she spends upon her own person, has a right to shine in raiment like the sun, moon, and stars.

But there are stories told of the very rich who neglect for months to settle the bills of small tradesmen, and we have heard it whispered that some of these superb creatures, who are adored by dry-goods men and jewellers, haggle a good deal over a bargain with a poor dressmaker they employ to remedy the botches and false fits of madame and monsieur on Broadway—those oracles of fashion, who never look at a dress for less than fifty dollars.

Eleven-hundred-dollar dresses must be paid for, even if the price exacted is all the power of doing good, and making others happy, which resides in any one human being.

We are told of a famous old shirt which ate into the flesh of him who wore it. If the extravagant apparel worn by some women does not eat away the best of their affections and sympathies, they must be saved as by a miracle.

Mrs. Whitney's Style.

DR. BELLOWS is a great admirer of Mrs. Whitney, whose novels are so well known to all our readers; but most readers of her stories will suspect that he drew very largely upon his imagination for his facts, and praises the novelist because he admires the woman. Most of the readers of her stories will be surprised to learn how wonderful they are, and probably Mrs. Whitney laid down *Old and New* with amazement, and asked herself "What have I done to call forth such a torrent of praise?" But hearty praise is not a drug in the market, and Mrs. Whitney is not to blame for having her apples taken for oranges. It is after this manner that he speaks of her style:—

On the whole, a divine tenderness and delicacy of feeling, like that of flowers that grow near mountain-tops (none so

beautiful in all the world as on Syrian mountains) distinguish her! Vines that grow in the chinks of rocky precipices, or on the walls of old churches, are the very loveliest in the world. The smile of warriors is sweeter than that of saints, and the gentleness of stern hands is gentler than woman's. We feel as if her nature was that of a plant that had fought its way through a frosty cellar to the light; or had its roots tangled in with stones, but had overhung them with the most graceful foliage and the most delicate flowers. Her style partakes of this New England pulverized granite. It is strong and crisp. She carries, like most New Englanders, an axe; but there is neither poison on its edge, nor jag nor tear in its stroke; it is keen, incisive, brilliant, vigorous, full of short strokes, and ringing like one cutting his way through a New England thicket or swamp with a sharp hatchet. There is less music and oily flow than many might crave. Indeed, we suspect that music is not a passion with the authoress, and she may even want a musical ear; it is often so with those who have other inlets for the divine harmony. But although wonderfully crowded and suggestive, and often really wearying in the multiplication of little incidental truth-marks, there is not much flow in her genius. It has rather a glacier-like movement—slow, fateful, irresistible, crystalline, solemn—than a movement as of a stream—bright, musical, copious, and unbroken. But it is full of glints and sparkles of wit, a wonderful felicity of epithets, and is a vast arsenal of telling phrases. She has read much and knows much; and shows incidentally and without pedantry her botany and geology and astronomy, and that she keeps up with the science and philosophy of the day, and is familiar with the best authors.

SWEDENBORG tells us sweetly and simply that "an angel" is a man and woman. Conjugal partners in heaven appear to those at a distance as "a man," but on drawing nearer behold "a woman" with him. May not our spiritual distance cause near-sighted vision? So when we draw nearer the Divine Man, lo! we shall find a Divine Woman smiling upon us.

DR. SCHINDLER says it may be easy for some men to laugh at the woman movement; it may seem smart to taunt it. We did so with the abolition movement, and our sneers and taunts and evasions cost us the blood of half a million men. We must answer the riddle of our sphinx.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH says: "The old and young delight in warmth; it is to them the greatest luxury. Half the diseases of humanity would be swept from existence if the human body were kept comfortably warm all the time."

LORD BACON says:—But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

Correspondence.

[We have received a great many letters from friends in all parts of the country commending the character of our journal and the positions it has taken. They have seemed to us too praiseworthy for print; besides our space belongs to our readers, who generally suspect the worth of a paper that puffs itself. We print the following letter, the first of a large pile of similar communications, simply as a sample, and to show our readers that their own private estimate is that of hundreds of intelligent people in all parts of the nation:]

The New Paper.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

We are very much pleased with the improvement of the *Revolution* since it came into your hands. It seems like a new paper in all respects. We like its breadth and variety. It has the two qualities Matthew Arnold lays so much stress upon—sweetness and light. It is not only the strong, earnest advocate of woman suffrage, but it takes rank with the best journals in its advocacy of the higher education of women and as a public educator.

This is as it should be. The work of education should go on simultaneously with the movement for a more extended suffrage; for it generally requires greater intelligence to use a good thing judiciously than to get it in the first place. Not that the ballot, if placed in the hands of our women to-morrow, would be used with any less wisdom than it is by thousands of men. But to make it the means of lasting advantage to the whole community, as well as to women themselves, they should be thoroughly informed on all the fundamental principles of the government.

The time has passed when it is enough to say of a public man, "he means well," "he is a good man;" soundness of judgement and a correct knowledge of human tendencies and needs are quite as necessary as an enthusiastic desire to do good. Buckle, the late English historian, says, "There is no instance on record in which a good but ignorant man, having great authority to enforce his ideas, has not done more harm than good, and where the power has been supreme the evil wrought has been enormous."

The ballot is a great power in our country; but it will be a power of beneficence and the ally of the highest civilization only by being wisely used by competent hands.

Besides the educative and literary character of your journal, we are also pleased to find that as a newspaper it occupies no mean place, and to those who wish to keep abreast of the time, in a knowledge of all that especially concerns the elevation of woman it is quite indispensable.

Wishing you the large success you deserve, I remain yours, etc.

MRS. MARY C. CASE,
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

CROQUET is a more ancient game than most people suppose. It was introduced into England from France in 1630, under the name of *pele-mele*, and gave the name to the celebrated London avenue, now the street called Pall Mall. It was a favorite pastime of Charles II. and the Duke of York.

PROMISES should be made with the heart and remembered with the head,

Miscellaneous.

A Chinese Theatre.

THE *Abendpost*, a German paper published at San Francisco, gives a curious account of the Chinese theatre in that town. This theatre is in Jackson street, opposite the Chinese restaurant. It is an unpretending-looking building, lighted up at night with colored paper lanterns; on each side of the entrance are fruit-stalls, whose owners do a good business, for the audience is usually a very large one.

In the interior the seats are arranged in rows, the lowest being on a level with the stage and the highest a little below the ceiling. The stage is opposite the entrance; it is entirely devoid of ornament, and communicates with the back of the house by two curtained doors. On the right are a few small boxes generally reserved for distinguished European visitors; on the left a large balcony occupied exclusively by Chinese women of the demi-monde, respectable women not being allowed to go to the theatre in China. The prices of admission are very low, and Chinese immigrants who have not been long in the country are admitted gratuitously. The house is consequently always full, especially as, next to gambling, the theatre is a Chinaman's greatest pleasure; but the expenditure greatly exceeds the receipts, owing to the low charges for admission.

Notwithstanding this, the theatre is kept up by its proprietors, who are coolie contractors, in order to induce the coolies whom they have imported from China to remain in the country. The number of actors, conjurers, acrobats, etc., is very great; often between thirty and forty of them may be seen on the stage at the same time. The principal actors receive one hundred and forty dollars a month and free quarters, and the others are equally well paid. The first thing that strikes the American spectator of a Chinese play is the total absence of scenery and stage properties. When, for instance, some of the characters are supposed to go away and only appear again in the next scene, this is denoted by their turning their heads away from the audience, while the other actors proceed with their parts. It often happens, too, that when an actor has to sit down there is no chair on the stage; in which case he gravely bends his body as if he were sitting, and remains in that position until the scene is over. The costumes, on the other hand, are very rich, and are accurate imitations of those of princes, mandarins, etc., mostly of thick silk, embroidered in gold and silver. They were brought new from China about two years ago, and were valued in the Custom house at \$30,000.

The plays at this theatre usually consist of dramatized stories interspersed with comic episodes. The performance of a single play often takes several weeks; its subject is generally the history of a celebrated Emperor, described with minute circumstantiality from the cradle to the grave. Sometimes the history of a whole dynasty is represented. The dialogue is a mixture of prose and verse, the latter being delivered in a singing tone; there are also professed singers whose function resembles that of the Chorus in the old Greek tragedies. The language used on the stage is different from the Chinese dialects spoken by the coolies at San Francisco, though not sufficiently so to be unintelligible to them. As for the actors, they are excellent mimics, they arrange themselves on

the stage in very picturesque groups, and their memory is so good that they require no prompters.

A Japanese Elopement.

JAPANESE marriages are expensive, but there is one rather amusing custom, however, whereby this expense may be avoided. A couple of respectable people have a daughter, who is acquainted with a good young fellow who would be an excellent husband for her, except that he lacks the necessary means to give her the customary wedding-presents and keep a free table for a week for the two families. The parents, coming home from the bath one fine evening, do not find their daughter at home. They inquire in the neighborhood; nobody has seen her, but all the neighbors offer their services in assisting to find her. The parents accept the offer, and the procession, constantly increasing in numbers, passes from street to street, until it reaches the dwelling of the lover. The latter, protected by his closed screens, in vain pretends to be deaf; he is at last obliged to yield to the demands of the crowd. He opens the door, and the lost daughter, in tears, throws herself at the feet of her parents, who threaten her with their malediction.

Then, the tender-hearted neighbors, moved by the scene, intercede; the mother relents; the father remains haughty and inexorable; the intercession of the neighbors increases in eloquence, and the young man promises to be the most faithful of sons-in-law. Finally, the resistance of the father is overcome; he pardons his daughter, pardons the lover, and calls the latter his son. All at once, as if by magic, cups of saki circulate among the crowd; every one takes his or her place on the matting of the room; the two outlaws are seated in the midst of the circle, drink their bowl of saki together, the marriage is proclaimed in the presence of a sufficient number of witnesses, and the police officer enters it upon his list the next morning.

Cloaks and Costumes.

ACCORDING to one of our best fashion writers, all the later developments of interest in fashion have been in cloth cloaks and costumes. The solid color, the solid fabric, and the ornamentation, which, at a distance, seems to be interwoven with the material, gives altogether an appearance of comfort, appropriateness, and adaptability, which would constitute beauty even if tint and texture were less choice and fine. A costume complete of olive green, Vandyck brown, or sailor-blue cloth, braided with black and bordered with silk cord fringe, is the perfection of street costume, properly accompanied by a velvet hat, black, or matching in color, and set of sealskin or sable furs. Of course a suit of cloth, trimmed with fur, is a desirable and perhaps even more *distingue*, but it is not as popular, because the fur, besides being less durable, has to be removed in so short a time to make way for more seasonable trimmings. Those who cannot afford broadcloth are fain to content themselves with English waterproof, which, when it is fine, genuine and all wool, is handsome enough for some princesses, though there are republican dames who would turn up their noses at it. Abroad the braided suits of best waterproof cloth are quite the success of the season, and they are at least a blessed relief from the eternal puffy

and fussy styles which are still exhibited in lighter fabrics.

Cloaks as independent garments have been worn this Winter for the first time in several years, and though there has been no one style which could be recommended as likely to obtain permanent suffrage over others, still the popular choice seems to have fallen upon the cloth mantle, which consists of a sacque, with deep cape, as the one best adapted to use and comfort.

At first these mantles, or double capes as they were sometimes called, appeared only in cashmere, braided and embroidered, and were so restricted in style and cut as to present a most ungraceful appearance. The pattern has been improved upon, however, until it has become a very handsome and comfortable garment, deeper and more amply cut, and allowing sufficient room for the extension of the *tournure* beneath. The latest design is in dark bronze green cloth, with a wateau plait in the back, and a cape divided up the back, and trimmed upon each side to match the border. This style constitutes a very handsome finish to a suit, and is indeed much better adapted for this purpose than that of a separate cloak, to be worn with all sorts of dresses.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY does not think well of the too prevalent custom of allowing girls to go through the streets alone, or in company with chance schoolmates; but they attend "parties," theatres and operas, have "boaux," and imagine themselves in love while scarcely more than children. Apart from the danger to their happiness through life in this, how greatly such unnatural excitements interfere with study. She says: No one more believes than I do in the necessity of abundant play for children. I would place a few well-chosen young companions together, and give them every opportunity of enjoyment; but I would encourage the sports and games suited to their years, and never let them participate in the amusements of grown people until they also were grown. Especially would I keep my little daughter "fancy free" and her imagination elevated and pure until the feelings and emotions of a woman had developed within her, and love should come as a divine revelation. I would fill her thoughts with useful studies, with the cold and interesting themes of science, until all her faculties had grown and expanded to the utmost, that she might through well-trained intuition select the man best suited to her, and love him alone forever. An! woman needs a thorough education, if only that she may marry happily.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY, who writes very sensible articles to our *Evening Mail*, says: One reason why our girls lack thoroughness and accuracy in their studies is that too many sciences are attempted at once. No sooner is the attention fixed upon one lesson than an entirely different one is taken up, and after that another; the mental faculty of Continuity, or fixing the mind clearly upon one subject, and keeping the thoughts upon it without wandering, is thus destroyed, or at least weakened. Continuous, concentrated thought is necessary to a student; no worthy mental work can be accomplished without it. The faculty can be cultivated in a child by giving her one study at a time for three months together, and not requiring too much of her until her powers are trained. Children so educated, in a few elementary

studies, have progressed much more rapidly, and at maturity show far superior ability and thoroughness to children taught by the ordinary school methods. One hour a day of real study is enough for any child under twelve.

A CITIZEN of Elizabeth, N. J., went to the cars on Thanksgiving day to see his daughter off. Having secured a seat for her, he left the car and went round to her window to say a parting word. While he was passing out, the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prim-looking lady who occupied the seat with her moved up to the window. Unaware of the important changes inside, our venerable friend hastily put his face up to the window and hurriedly exclaimed, "One more kiss, sweet pet!" In another instant the point of a blue cotton umbrella caught his seductive lips, accompanied by the passionate injunction: "S'cat, you gray-headed wretch!"

Sewing Machines.

We have recently had occasion to make some inquiry into the progress of improvement in the mechanism of sewing machines, and were not a little surprised to learn that the central idea in the first invention—the shuttle—still holds its place, though many attempts have been made to supersede it. The shuttle, in combination with the needle, is still the means used to form the stitch in the leading machines, and we find that the growth of trade is chiefly with the shuttle-using machines.

The improvements that are taking firm hold in practical use are, therefore, necessarily in connection with the shuttle, either in the detail of the shuttle itself, or in other parts of the machine connected with it, to cause the whole to operate more perfectly and uniformly, and to simplify its use.

Many important gains in this direction, made since the first great invention, are undoubtedly embodied in the "Florence" machine; and we recommend our readers to carefully inspect the "Florence" before making a choice.

The points peculiar to this machine are:

An unusual amount of money is spent in making the "Florence," thereby securing the best material (steel, for instance, where others use cast-iron) and the finest finish of important parts (the shuttle, for example, being rigidly rejected if it varies from the standard 1-2000th of an inch). It is constructed on the simplest scientific principles, entirely dispensing with the cogs and cams and links, which so often get perversely out of order and sorely perplex every one but the practical machinist by their unaccountable freaks. The "Florence" is so easily managed, and its use is so readily learned, that an ordinary girl of ten has sense and muscle enough to run it perfectly. The lockstitch, as made by the "Florence," is very regular and perfect, very strong and elastic, and is drawn into the fabric evenly, gradually, exactly, without jerking, and without causing the seam to pucker or straining the thread so as to endanger its breaking; consequently, very fine threads and light fabrics can be used. Besides this, the "Florence" (in all but the cheapest styles) also makes three additional stitches—a double lock, a single knot, and a double knot—which are stronger and more elastic than any other stitch, and which are made by no other machine. The "Florence" is the only machine that has a reversible feed, whereby the direction of the sewing can be instantly changed

without stopping the work, thus enabling the operator to quilt or embroider with unusual facility, to sew backward and easily strengthen a seam wherever desired, and finally, by a few repeated stitches, to fasten ends in the quickest and strongest way. It is the only machine that has a self-adjusting shuttle-thread tension, which works so perfectly that the operator can run across the heaviest seams and sew the finest linen and the thickest broadcloth in immediate succession without breaking the thread and without change of needle, stitch or tension.

The "Florence" draws the thread into the cloth with unequalled precision and certainty, by means of an ingenious automatic "take-up" wheel, which disposes of the slack thread left after the stitch with an accurate promptness that prevents all snarling or dropping of stitches, and allows the operator to sew backward, or to run off the cloth and on again with perfect impunity. It has an improved elastic hemmer, exclusively its own, which is managed with ease, and will make a hem of any width on any material. It not only makes a perfect gather and sews it to a band at one operation, but it hems, and binds, and fells, and quilts, and cords, and tucks, and gathers, and braids without basting. Such special provision is made against injurious wear that the "Florence" is claimed and guaranteed by the Company to last twice as long without repair as any other shuttle machine in the market, without the slightest difficulty. Every part of the "Florence" is so perfectly and permanently adjusted, and it has so few joints and points of friction, that it runs with the utmost ease. The needle is set and threaded, and the stitch is lengthened, shortened, or reversed, with the utmost ease. In using the "Florence," neither the work nor the operator's dress is liable to be soiled. The "Florence," with all these claims to superiority, sells at the same price as other first-class machines. These advantages:

- Liberality in manufacture,
- Simplicity of construction,
- Facility of management,
- Variety of stitches,
- Reversible feed,
- Self-adjusting tension,
- Automatic take-up,
- Improved hemmer,
- Provision against wear,
- Perfect and permanent adjustment,
- Easy regulation of needle and stitch,
- Cleanliness and cheapness,
- The beauty and high finish of the machine,
- Make the "Florence," moderately speaking, a machine which, to be valued, needs but to be tried.

No family can afford to be without a sewing machine, and we hope that before long one may be found wherever the LIBERAL CHRISTIAN is welcome.

\$21 for \$5.25.

EVERY reader of this number of the LIBERAL Christian is entitled to the above offer in this way: That best of magazines, the Illustrated Pheonological Journal, a year, \$3.00; the Christian Union, a year, \$3.00; a pair of fine Oil Chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," mounted, worth \$10; Marshall's Engraving of Washington, worth \$5.00. All sent to any address for \$5.25, by S. R. Wells, 399 Broadway, N. Y., who wants Local Agents everywhere. N. B.—The LIBERAL CHRISTIAN with all the above for \$7.25.

EXAMPLES FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. L. V. PHILLIPS, of Brooklyn, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine since October, 1862, dress-making in families, without repairs: earning sometimes \$4 to \$5 a day.

The following we clip from the December Monthly, issued by Baldwin the Clothier, north-east corner of Canal street and Broadway:

WHAT WE ARE DOING.—We make no garment to measure, sell at retail, and offer fashionable ready-made clothing for men and boys. We show the largest stock ever offered at retail in the United States.

We exhibit four times the number of business suits—prices from \$11 to \$25—shown by any house in the retail clothing trade.

Selling over twelve hundred thousand dollars annually—having retailed over sixteen thousand dollars in a single day—over forty thousand dollars in one week—old stock never accumulates—the fabrics are new—the styles latest—the assortment more extensive than any ever offered at retail.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!—The Chromo has come, and will be presented with every Child's Suit bought of us before Christmas.

A VOICE FROM SWEDEN.—American Chemists and their Production appreciated by the Professors at the celebrated Universities in Sweden.—Mr. Sachs: Sir—At your request, I have tested Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer in my practice at the "Serafiner Hospital," and can say it will restore gray hair to its original color. It is entirely harmless, and is a valuable remedy to use in such cases.

P. H. MALMSTEN,
Professor of Chemistry and Medicine.
Stockholm, July 6, 1868.

From the highest medical authority in Sweden.—As I have had occasion to see several persons who, for some time, have used Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and know that it has restored the original color of the hair as well as being efficient in removing the itching and dandruff that accompanies the falling off of the hair, I consider it my duty to acknowledge the same to Mr. Sachs.

VINCENT LUNDBERG,
Physician-in-chief to the King, and Preserver of his life.
Stockholm, July 7, 1868.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Athens curiously contrasts the mixtures to be found there of ancient and modern civilizations. Railroads spin their trains amid the temples of three thousand years; steamers dash their swells upon the Pirens, and the scream of their whistles resounds from Athos, Pentelicus, and Cytheron to Olympus and the heavens beyond their gods. Dr. Ayer's world-renowned medicines, those consummations of modern science, are posted on the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the Areopagus, and Thesion, while the modest cards of Cherry Pectoral, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ague Cure, and Pills look from the windows of the shops in the streets of Athens, where they are sold.—N. Y. Globe.

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SAFEST AND PUREST OIL EVER PRODUCED! STANDS OVER 1000 FEET! We take regular Kerosene oil and by our new process expel all impurities and explosive elements. The Fire Underwriters of N. Y. urgently recommend our oil as a protection to life and property. A lighted lamp may be upset and broken without fear of explosion or fire. For sale by all grocers, druggists, etc., in the U. S. Extra inducements to dealers. Address Denslow & Bush, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.; 8 Custom H. St., Boston, Mass.; 34 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.; 51 S. Water St., Chicago, Ill.; or Cleveland, O. 1294

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MRS. WINSLOW'S

SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

greatly facilitates the process of teething by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it; on the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation has been used with NEVER-FAILING SUCCESS in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of DYSENTERY AND DIARRHOEA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—Do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be SURE—yes, ABSOLUTELY SURE—to follow the use of this medicine if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by all Druggists throughout the world.

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G. HILTON SCRIBNER, President.

GEORGE W. SMITH, Vice President.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, No 5 East 20th st., N. Y.

WM. F. DRAKE, Drake Bros., Bankers, No. 16 Broad st., N. Y.

M. B. WYNKOOP, Wynkoop & Hallenbeck, 113 Fulton st., N. Y.

HENRY R. MORGAN, N. Y. and Charleston Steamship Co., 26 Broadway.

RICHARD POILLON, C. & R. Poillon, Shipbuilders, 224 South st.

L. W. FROST, Continental Life Insurance Co., N. Y.



(CHARTERED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.)

\$100,000 00

deposited with the Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York as special security to Policy-holders.

SUCCESS THE CRITERION OF EXCELLENCE.

THE EMPIRE HAS ACHIEVED A SUCCESS WITHOUT A PARALLEL IN THE HISTORY OF LIFE INSURANCE, 7,500 Policies issued in twenty-one months, insuring over \$16,000,000, WHICH IS THE LARGEST COMMENCEMENT BUSINESS EVER DONE BY ANY OTHER COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

AND WHY NOT?

Notice the following liberal features, the most favorable to the insured and unexcelled by those of any other company:

Ordinary Whole Life Policies absolutely non-forfeitable from the payment of first annual premium. All other Policies non-forfeitable after two annual payments. All Policies incontestable for usual causes, and absolutely incontestable after two annual premiums. All restrictions upon travel and residence removed, and no permits required. One-third of the Premiums Loaned to the insured, if desired, and no notes required. No accumulation of interest on Deferred Premiums, and no increase of annual payment on any class of Policies. Dividends Accumulative, the surplus being returned to the Policy-holders equitably, each receiving thereof whatever he may have contributed thereto.

The Business of the Company conducted upon the Mutual Plan.

EXAMPLE OF THE NON-FORFEITURE PLAN OF THE "EMPIRE."

Age of party insured 35. Ordinary Whole-Life Policy.				
One Annual Premium will continue the Policy in force	Two years	and 3 days.		
Two " " " "	" 4	" 12		
Three " " " "	" 6	" 27		
Four " " " "	" 8	" 46		
Five " " " "	" 10	" 56		
Etc.,	etc.,	etc.,	etc.,	